

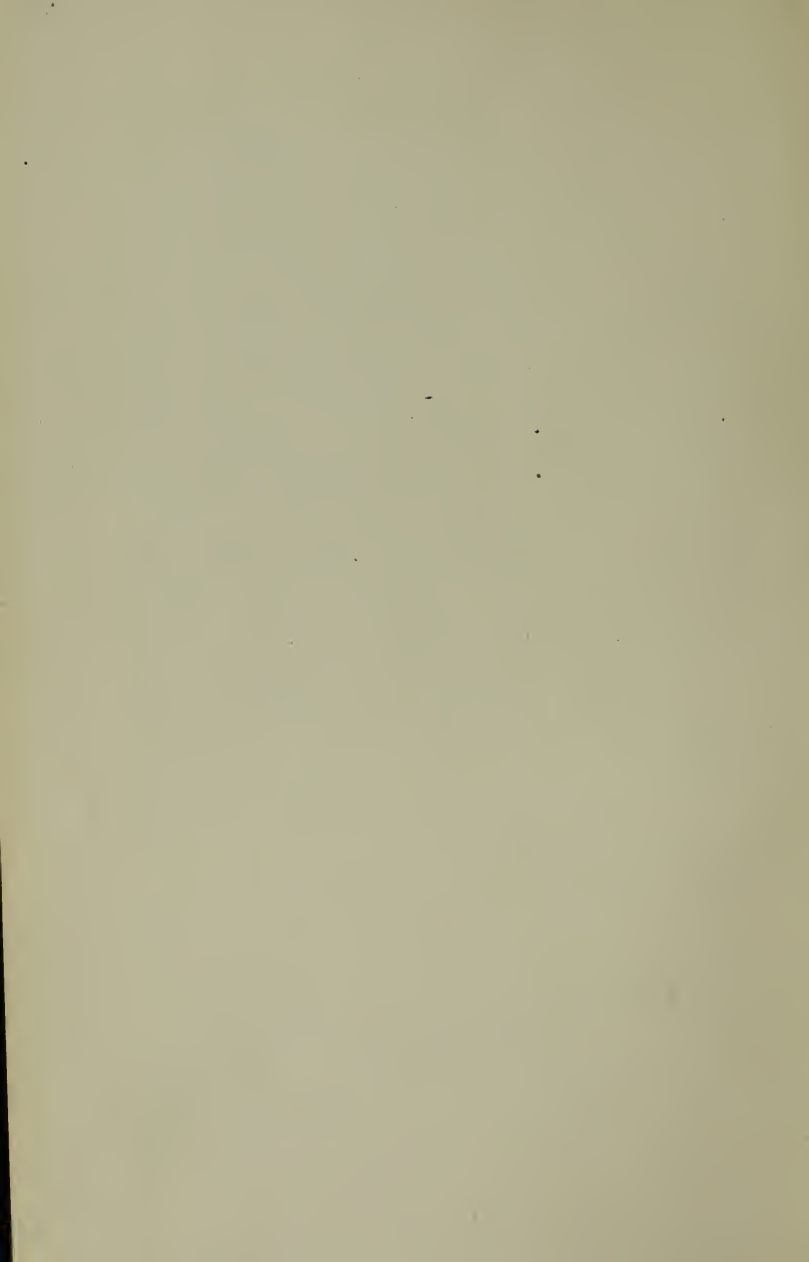
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PYLGRYM CRONYCLES

FRANCES LOUISE ROGERS







PYLGRYM CRONYCLES

Adapted from original sources, especially Bradford's
History of Plymouth Plantation, and done into
dramatic episodes for modern readers

PYLGRYM CRONYCLES

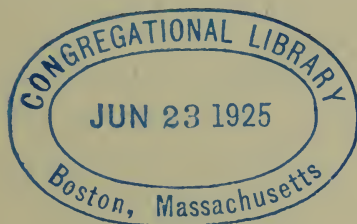
By

FRANCES LOUISE ROGERS

*Teacher of English, Hollywood High School,
Hollywood, California*

With Illustrations by

HAROLD W. MILES



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Made in U. S. A.

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To

Marion, Alethe, and Chatham

Billie and Jack

*the first youthful readers
of these chronicles*

THE EPISODES¹

- I. IN MID-OCEAN, October 3, 1620
- II. THE *Mayflower* COMPACT, November 11, 1620
- III. WASHING DAY AT CAPE COD, November 13, 1620
- IV. WAITING, December 12, 1620
- V. THE CHOSEN LAND, December 19, 1620
- VI. THE WINTER OF SORROW, February 28, 1620
- VII. THE TREATY WITH THE INDIANS, March 22, 1621
- VIII. THE RETURN OF THE *Mayflower*, April 8, 1621
- IX. TRADITIONS AND CONJECTURES, June 18, 1621
- X. THE FIRST THANKSGIVING, November 11, 1621

¹Dramatic necessity has placed a few of the incidents out of actual time order, but each episode is closely unified. The school incident is created to symbolize the kind of instruction which the Pilgrim fathers and mothers probably gave their children before schools were established. Since it is doubtful that Priscilla Mullens could either read or write, the oral instructions she is represented as giving may be considered in keeping. The Old Style dating, in which the new year began the first of April, is used. Ten days must be added to agree with our present calendar.



Priscilla Mullens

PYLGRYM CRONYCLES

EPISODE I

IN MID-OCEAN

SCENE: *On the MAYFLOWER, October 3, 1620. Interior of the main cabin, in the middle of the night. It is dark, the boat is tossing violently, the wind is rushing through the rigging, and high waves dash over the decks, sometimes swirling down into the cabins. Voices of sailors are heard from without in excited confusion.*

THE MASTER'S VOICE: Heave ho! heave ho! Steady! Steady!

SAILORS: Aye, aye, sir.

MASTER'S VOICE: All together! Let her go!

[*The sound of dropping sail upon the deck. A child's voice cries from a cabin on the right. A mother's humming song soothes it to quiet.*]

A CHILD (*from a cabin on the left*): Mother! Mother!

MISTRESS WHITE: Hush, my Resolved, 'tis Mother near thee.

RESOLVED: I'm afraid.

MISTRESS WHITE: Say now thy little prayer. Now I lay me —

RESOLVED: Now I lay me down to sleep —

MISTRESS WHITE: I pray the Lord —

RESOLVED: I pray the Lord my soul to keep —

MISTRESS WHITE: If I should die —

RESOLVED: If I should die before I wake,

I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen.

MISTRESS WHITE: Now thou wilt no longer be afraid. So go to sleep.

[Enter MISTRESS BREWSTER from the right with a lighted candle in her hand. She carries a cup in her other hand, and crosses to the cabin of MISTRESS WHITE. The candle reveals that there are young men sleeping on the floor.]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Is it well with you, dear Mistress White?

MISTRESS WHITE: Yea, Mistress Brewster, but Resolved is ill with the tossing of the boat, and the blankets are wet through.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: So I feared after that great wash of the sea. I have brought you a drink. Having no warm nourishment today, with our sandhearth useless in the storm, I felt that you might not sleep. A little strong water and spice will be of benefit.

MISTRESS WHITE: I thank you. A tower of strength you are to us all.

[MISTRESS BREWSTER passes to the next cabin.]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Are you in any degree of comfort, Mistress Bradford?

MISTRESS BRADFORD: Nay, Mistress Brewster, not in comfort of body, but containing myself in patience of spirit.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: A sweet soul you are, Mistress Bradford.

MISTRESS BRADFORD: Should you not yourself be at rest in your own cabin, Mistress Brewster?

MISTRESS BREWSTER: It is rest for me to know how my flock fareth.

[Increased sounds of wind and water. Sharp cries come from outside. There is a cracking of timber. The young men jump up from the floor and rush out of the cabin. From the left enters GOVERNOR CARVER, ELDER BREWSTER from the right, BRADFORD from his

cabin, JOHN BILLINGTON from another cabin, and others. Confused voices of the passengers, while MISTRESS BREWSTER, with the candle in her hand, remains the central figure in the background. Enter JOHN HOWLAND.]

HOWLAND: Master Carver! Master Carver!

CARVER: John Howland, what hath happened?

HOWLAND: A cracking of the beam, sir. The main beam hath bent toward the middle.

[*Enter MYLES STANDISH.*]

STANDISH: Gqvernor, the ship seems in danger. What is best to do?

BILLINGTON: Put back for England, sir, put back. This storm hath no precedent. We cannot reach the other side.

CARVER: Peace, John Billington. Who hath the charge on deck?

STANDISH: First mate Clarke, sir.

CARVER: Beg Captain Jones come hither.

[*HOWLAND leaves. Enter CAPTAIN JONES.*]

CARVER: Captain, what of the ship? Can she weather this gale?

JONES: Sir, the *Mayflower* is strong and firm under water. She ships heavy seas, but no more than she can carry. The main beam hath bowed and cracked, but my men are now at work with the great iron screw which your passengers brought from Holland. It is not like we shall have another such gust.

BILLINGTON: More sail, sir, that we may leave this fiendish place behind!

JONES: Nay, sir, therein lies the greater danger. If the boat be not overpressed with sail, all is favorable.

[*Cries of alarm from without. Enter THOMAS ENGLISH, a seaman.*]

ENGLISH: Master Carver, your young man, John Howland, hath been saved from the sea.

ALL: Saved! How?

ENGLISH: He went above the gratings, sir, and a lurch of the ship threw him overboard. [*Exclamations from the passengers.*] But he caught the topsail halliard, hanging over the edge, and so held until Clarke and Coppin haled him up.

ALL (*with relief*): Thanks be to God!

JONES: Dare-devil! To go above the gratings at this time! A wonder it will be if we lose not some of these hotbloods before we land.

[CAPTAIN JONES *leaves, scolding to himself.*]

CARVER: Standish, see that John Howland is stowed in the forward bunks. Give orders that our young men exercise great moderation.

STANDISH: I shall do so, Master Carver.

[STANDISH *leaves.*]

CARVER: Naught else availeth but to retire to our sleeping places and trust to the goodness of God and the wisdom of Captain Jones. Both will deliver us in safety, I am sure.

[*All disperse, some young men lying down on the floor.*]

CARVER (*as he passes MISTRESS BREWSTER*): You are an angel of light.

[*She smiles and crosses to her cabin. Out of the quiet which settles on the scene is heard the voice of the mother humming to her child.*]

[HERE ENDETH THE FIRST EPISODE.]

EPISODE II

THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT

SCENE: *The cabin of the MAYFLOWER, November 11, 1620. GOVERNOR CARVER stands in the center, with BRADFORD, WINSLOW, BREWSTER, ALLERTON, STANDISH, JOHN HOWLAND, and JOHN ALDEN grouped about as if in conference.*

CARVER: Master Bradford, methought there was disaffection among the younger men this morning, conversing in the corner, lowering of the voice. What doth it mean?

BRADFORD: Sir, the word passeth that we are no longer heading toward Hudson's River. They say that since sunrise the ship hath been headed northwest. That is not according to the route of yesterday.

CARVER: What think you yourself?

BRADFORD: It appeareth so to me also.

CARVER: Howland, bring Captain Jones to the cabin.

[HOWLAND *leaves.*]

CARVER: It behooveth us to act with discretion. We need not enter into a conflict of opinion where naught is to be gained.

BRADFORD: Such is my thought, Governor Carver. This captain is not easily turned to the desire of another.

CARVER: Yet I like not the attitude of our young men. Methinks the spirit of separatism goeth beyond its natural bounds.

[*Enter CAPTAIN JONES, HOWLAND, and several young men.*]

CARVER: It is now three days, Captain Jones, since we sighted land. When is it your expectation that we shall make shore?

CAPTAIN JONES: According to Captain John Smith's map, sir, we may cast anchor ere nightfall.

CARVER: That will not be Hudson's River?

JONES: Egad, sir, no! Hudson's River is hard to reach. The shoals and the breakers, sir, were impossible to overcome. There is no path for a sailing vessel in that direction. I'll not take it.

CARVER: Then whither are we bound?

[JONES *opens his map.*]

JONES: Here, sir. This arm of land hath the designation of Cape Cod and, as you see, creates a bay within this curve. Around this point we shall find harbor, without doubt.

CARVER: It doth look so, truly.

GILBERT WINSLOW (*looking at the map*): But this is beyond the reach of our patent. 'Tis not land which belongs to the London Virginia Company.

JONES: That matters not.

MOSES FLETCHER: Mayhap it will serve our purpose as well.

THOMAS WILLIAMS: Yea, better, for there we shall be free altogether.

JOHN GOODMAN: Yea, we came to find liberty.

CARVER: And what liberty did you think to find, young man?

GOODMAN: No unjust laws, sir.

WILLIAMS: Freedom to live as we wish, sir.

CARVER: Sirs, no! Not to live as you wish. Rather, freedom to live according to the mandate of a righteous God. The common good must bind us in our common weal. [*He turns to the others.*] It appeareth that we proceed to land for which we have no patent. Such an act of preservation is the part of wisdom. Wisdom must

guide our body politic also. "He that is in a society and yet regards not counsel may better be a King than a consort." Those were the words of our good friend Robert Cushman in one of his last epistles ere we left England. What counsel may avail us now?

BRADFORD: Would it not be well to draw up a compact which, through mutual agreement, shall supersede our patent and give authority for such laws as shall govern us?

CARVER: A wise head on young shoulders, Master Bradford. The laws by which we shall be bound are those which we ourselves shall make. Winslow, to your skill we entrust this work. There are writing materials. Here is our good Captain Standish's chest. Prepare us a compact.

[WINSLOW takes his seat before the chest and begins to write. BRADFORD and BREWSTER look over his shoulder and offer suggestions.]

CARVER: Howland and Alden, bring the men of the ship, all save the seamen and the sick, to the cabin at once.

[HOWLAND and ALDEN leave. CARVER joins the consultation. Those from outside enter in twos and threes. Finally HOWLAND and ALDEN enter. There are forty-one present. Women and children gather curiously around the outskirts of the conference.]

CARVER (*turning to the company*): Men of this colony here gathered, all over twenty-one and being of fit age to take your share in the administration of a civil body, it hath come to us that the captain of the ship hath found it impossible to proceed to the place heretofore designated, Hudson's River, for which place we hold a patent granted under John Pierce of the London Virginia Company. We are soon to reach Cape Cod, a spot beyond

the limits of our patent. It therefore seemeth best that we should enter into a compact whereby we may insure to one another the support of each in the peace and welfare of the company. Are ye agreed that this is the part of wisdom?

THE MEN: Yea! Yea!

CARVER (*taking up the compact*): Will you listen to the compact which hath been put into form by Master Winslow?

THE MEN: Yea! Yea!

CARVER (*reading*): IN Y^E NAME OF GOD, AMEN. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by y^e grace of God, of Great Britaine, France, & Ireland king, defender of y^e faith, &c.

Haveing undertaken, for y^e glorie of God and advancemente of y^e Christian faith, and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant y^e first colonie in y^e Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly & mutually in y^e presence of God, and one of another, covenant & combine our selves together into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of y^e ends aforesaid; and by vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for y^e generall good of y^e Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnes wherof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape-Codd y^e 11 of November, in y^e year of y^e raigne of our soveraigne lord, King James, of England, France, & Ireland y^e eighteenth, and of Scotland y^e fiftie fourth. An^o: Dom. 1620.



"Will you listen to the compact?"

CARVER: Ye have heard the compact. Will ye all hereto subscribe?

THE MEN: Yea, we will.

CARVER (*sitting and writing his name*): There is my subscription. [*Rising and standing at one side.*] William Bradford, will you sign?

BRADFORD: I will.

[As each one is called he steps forward and signs.]

CARVER: Edward Winslow, will you sign?

WINSLOW (*after signing*): I have signed.

CARVER: Our revered Elder Brewster, will you sign?

BREWSTER: Gladly.

CARVER: Isaac Allerton, will you sign?

ALLERTON: I will.

CARVER: Captain Standish, will you sign with us?

STANDISH (*heartily*): Aye, aye, that I will.

CARVER: John Alden . . . Dr. Samuel Fuller . . . Christopher Martin . . . William Mullens . . . William White . . . Richard Warren . . . John Howland . . .

[At this point GOVERNOR CARVER is interrupted by JOHN BILLINGTON, and MASTER WINSLOW takes charge. There is a recognition of position in the colony, as indicated by the order of signatures. The list of signers is given in the footnote.¹]

¹The order of the signers is that given by Nathaniel Morton in his *New England Memorial*, quoted by Edward Arber in his *Story of the Pilgrim Fathers*:

John Carver	Richard Warren	Francis Eaton	Richard Britteridge
William Bradford	John Howland	James Chilton	George Soule
Edward Winslow	Stephen Hopkins	John Crackstone	Richard Clarke
William Brewster	Edward Tilley	John Billington	Richard Gardiner
Isaac Allerton	John Tilley	Moses Fletcher	John Allerton
Myles Standish	Francis Cooke	John Goodman	Thomas English
John Alden	Thomas Rogers	Degory Priest	Edward Doty
Dr. Samuel Fuller	Thomas Tinker	Thomas Williams	Edward Lister
Christopher Martin	John Rigdale	Gilbert Winslow	
William Mullens	Edward Fuller	Edmund Margeson	
William White	John Turner	Peter Browne	

BILLINGTON (*from among the crowd*): Nay, I had no thought to bind myself—

CARVER (*turns to him*): Do you think to stay with us after we land, John Billington?

BILLINGTON: Yea.

CARVER: Then you shall sign. Wait your turn.

[*Enter CAPTAIN JONES.*]

JONES (*addressing GOVERNOR CARVER*): Sir, we have rounded the point. We drop anchor within the hour. Now, sir, let there be this understanding, that with speed the men of your company shall seek out a place with the shallop until a safe harbor be discovered where this ship of mine may go and remain without danger; and, sir, as for victuals, I will and must keep sufficient for my seamen and our return. My men are talking. Now that land has been found, unless a safe harbor be forthcoming, we will turn and leave you with your goods upon the shore and go back to the country whence we came.

[*JONES leaves the cabin.*]

CARVER: Naught can sustain us but the spirit of God and his grace.

BRADFORD (*speaking to the company*): In the face of the difficulties which lie before us and in the presence of the compact which we have signed, one step remains—that is to confirm Master John Carver governor of this colony for one year from the date of the compact. Are ye all agreed that Master Carver shall continue as governor of this colony, to be our head in all matters of civil import?

THE MEN: Yea! Yea!

BRADFORD: So be it.

CARVER: This is a great and solemn responsibility.

BREWSTER: The Lord willeth not that his work shall perish. The way may be set with dangers, but joy cometh in the morning. Let us pray.

[All are in the attitude of prayer as the episode closes.]

[HERE ENDETH THE SECOND EPISODE.]

EPISODE III

WASHING DAY AT CAPE COD

SCENE: *On the sand at Cape Cod, November 13. A carpenter is working on a shallop near the water's edge. The long boat is transporting passengers from the ship to the shore. Across the sand passes a procession: men carrying muskets at the shoulder; servants and the older boys with kettles and tripods for heating water; a group of women with their arms full of linen and clothes — MISTRESS WINSLOW, MISTRESS MULLENS, MISTRESS MARTIN, and others; MISTRESS BILLINGTON, scolding unheeded admonitions to her two sons; MISTRESS HOPKINS with her family, GILES, aged fifteen, CONSTANTA, aged eleven, DAMARIS, a little girl of five, and OCEANUS, a tiny baby, born in mid-ocean; three maidens, MARY CHILTON, fourteen, ELIZABETH TILLEY, thirteen, and HUMILITY COOPER, eleven. They go to the brookside, where they are soon washing busily.*

PRISCILLA MULLENS (*just landed from the long boat and approaching with her arms full*): Humility! Humility!

HUMILITY (*returning*): Yea, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA: Humility, be so good as to carry these for Mistress White to Mary and Elizabeth. Assure them that I shall come soon, but I am to assist Mistress Brewster.

HUMILITY: Gladly, Priscilla. Do you think that even in Holland there was ever wash day like this? Such mountains of garments! How thankful we are for sunshine and fresh water.

[As she receives her burden some portions fall to the ground.]

PRISCILLA: Yea, truly, Humility; but kindly place your mind upon your task. This winter day is short and speed is necessary.

HUMILITY (*contritely*): Please trust me, Priscilla.



Some garments fall to the ground

[PRISCILLA leaves. HUMILITY attempts to pick up the scattered articles. Then she calls.] Giles! Giles Hopkins!

GILES (*appears*): What do you wish, Humility?

HUMILITY: Will you save my footsteps and gather up these fractious garments?

GILES (*planting his feet far apart*): There be some work which is woman's work and some which is man's. I have been doing the man's share.

HUMILITY: And no woman's work is it to carry and wash clothes. Back in our dear England such would be done by our servants. But Master Bradford said that here we do whatsoever cometh to our hand to do, and that lieth under your hand, Giles Hopkins.

[*She points with dignity and walks off. GILES looks at the articles, then, with a sigh, picks them up and follows her.*]

[*From the direction of the long boat appear MISTRESS BREWSTER and PRISCILLA, frail MISTRESS CARVER, supported by her protégée, DESIRE MINTER, the Carvers' maid carrying clothes, and their servant boy carrying an armchair. The boy places the chair upon the sand facing inland. He takes a burden from MISTRESS BREWSTER, and he, the maid, and PRISCILLA then leave for the brook.*]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: The sun is gracious today, Mistress Carver, and a few hours in the open air will give you renewed strength.

MISTRESS CARVER (*as she seats herself*): Truly it is good to feel the earth under our feet once more. What a strange land it is! Great wastes of sand and so little woodland.

[*DESIRE MINTER, during the conversation, at times sits at the feet of MISTRESS CARVER, and at times strolls along the sand. MISTRESS BREWSTER finds her pleasure in moving back and forth at short distances or in watching the active scene before her.*]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: It resembleth not our merry England. But England was not merry to us while persecutions of the unfriendly drove us within prison and hindered us from worship according to our belief.

MISTRESS CARVER: Nay, that is true. Neither England of dear memory nor Holland, our haven of safety,

is now our home, but this land of desolate countenance. Yet it is here that we build our hope of advancing the Gospel of the Kingdom of Christ.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: And there are the first signs that our hopes will be fulfilled—the joyous cries of our children running with the freedom of deer across the sand. Never did I hear in our Leyden home sounds which filled me with so great happiness. Necessity there made us as taskmasters over our young, so that we placed upon them undue restraint. Here they may grow in spiritual beauty and natural vigor.

MISTRESS CARVER: Methinks, too, that the conditions of work here will destroy the false assumptions of privilege under which some have suffered. See how our wash day wipes out the distinctions in class, and all labor in brotherly love. Would that my strength permitted me to take my share.

[Enter MISTRESS HOPKINS with washed and dried garments.

She and MISTRESS BREWSTER shake and fold them.]

MISTRESS HOPKINS: Mary Chilton hath been saying that her father hath the doctor to him today. Dr. Fuller doth look grave.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Call Mary hither.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: Mary! O Mary!

[MARY enters.]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Mary, if your father is in need of you, you should have left this work for others.

MARY: Mistress Brewster, my father is ill, and sadly so, but Master Mullens doth tend him. I—I wish to do my share, even though—even though (*sobbing*)—

MISTRESS BREWSTER: There, child, you have the true

spirit of service. Go to your work. We trust your father will recover.

[MARY *leaves.*]

DESIRE: What is that spicy fragrance which comes from the fires? It minds me of the incense in a little Roman church where I once went when I was a child.

[*Enter* REMEMBER and MARY ALLERTON and WRESTLING BREWSTER, *with their hands full of juniper and sassafras. The little girls give their sprigs to* MISTRESS CARVER, *while* WRESTLING *snuggles up to his mother.*]

REMEMBER: See, Mistress Carver, what queer plants. This sprig hath a sweet smell and this one a pleasant taste.

MISTRESS CARVER: So it hath, Remember. Mayhap your mother can make us tea from this tasty root. And this spicy shrub must be the cause of the fragrance in the air.

DESIRE: Yonder the men are bringing cuttings from the woodland. Perchance it will give us fresh fuel.

MISTRESS BREWSTER (*lifting her hand against the wind*): Come, methinks there is a fog drifting across the bay. Let us return, so that we delay not the rest.

[*She and* MISTRESS HOPKINS *gather up the folded garments.* DESIRE *assists* MISTRESS CARVER, *and with the children they disappear. The maid of* MISTRESS CARVER *passes, carrying her burden of clean clothes. WILLIAM LATHAM, the servant boy, picks up the chair as he goes by. The procession returns, with the children running more freely than earlier in the day. The women are chatting briskly over their success. The tripod and kettle bearers cross, and finally the men with muskets. Silence and darkness settle upon the sands.*]

[HERE ENDETH THE THIRD EPISODE.]

EPISODE IV

WAITING

SCENE: *In the cabin of the MAYFLOWER, at Cape Cod, December 12 (Old Style). The cold and wind keep the passengers on board. Children are playing on the floor with trinkets brought in from the deserted wigwams of the Indians—deer's feet, harts' horns, and eagles' claws. Some young men are studying the patterns on Indian baskets. MISTRESS HOPKINS is cooking bacon on the sand-hearth in the middle of the room. MISTRESS BILLINGTON stands near with a pewter platter, waiting for her share. ELDER BREWSTER is reading from the Bible to a group gathered around him. We hear a few words before his voice is lost in the background.*

BREWSTER: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we have no need to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king."

MISTRESS BILLINGTON: Harsh words those are for us to heed today. No greater fiery furnace have I seen than we have passed through this week past, with a birth and four deaths in as many days.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: Hush, Mistress Billington. Little need have you to bewail your lot, with Mistress Chilton's sad countenance behind you. Your goodman hath been spared even when in danger.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*as she receives her bacon*): No telling where the lightning will strike.

[*She leaves. MISTRESS HOPKINS continues cooking and others come to obtain their portions. MISTRESS BREWSTER passes the chair of MISTRESS CARVER, who puts out a detaining hand.*]

MISTRESS CARVER: Mistress Brewster, my heart is overflowing with thought of our exploring party. I am

praying that they may, on this third voyage of discovery, find a suitable spot wherein to spend the rest of this winter.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Dear Mistress Carver, I am full of hope that deliverance is near at hand. Soon will our strong leaders return with word of an abiding place.

MISTRESS CARVER: My sympathy doth go out to Master Bradford. Who will be the one to tell him of his great loss?

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Such is my duty. Dorothy Bradford was very dear to me. What grieves me deeply is that none can tell how it chanced. There was no one on that part of the boat when she fell into the sea. Therefore rescue was not at hand.

MISTRESS CARVER: 'Twill be a sad return for Master Bradford. And the death of little Jasper More will be a sorrow unto my husband. He was ever tender to the orphaned.

[Enter DR. FULLER.]

DR. FULLER (*speaking so that he attracts the attention of the entire company*): Mistress White doth send ye all greeting and doth ask that ye join in choosing a name for our little newcomer.

[A ripple of pleased interest.]

MISTRESS BILLINGTON (*from the doorway of her cabin*): Tribulation, I avow.

GILBERT WINSLOW: Endurance, methinks, would apply.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: A name like that of my seaborne Oceanus would be suitable, it seemeth me,

BREWSTER (*thinking aloud*): Peregrinor, peregrinari, peregrinatus, to travel or wander about. What think you of Peregrine?



"The baby named Pelegwine White"

DR. FULLER: Nothing could be better. Peregrine White. Our youngest is enrolled.

[*He leaves for the cabin of MISTRESS WHITE.*]

REMEMBER ALLERTON (*standing in the middle of the floor with DAMARIS HOPKINS*): May we see the baby named Pelegwine White?

[*Suddenly there is a shot from the cabin of JOHN BILLINGTON. MISTRESS BILLINGTON throws up her hands and disappears, but*

reappears immediately, pushing her son FRANCIS before her, shaking him and cuffing his ears. Young men hurry into the cabin, where they can be heard in excited conversation.]

BREWSTER: Peace, Mistress Billington. I am persuaded that your son doth repent his rashness.

MISTRESS BILLINGTON: Yea, belike he would also repent if he had set fire to the barrels of powder which his father hath warned him of.

[With a parting cuff, she returns to her cabin.]

HUMILITY: I wish that it had been himself that Francis Billington had set fire to. He doth tweak my cap and hide my pewter cup. He behaves himself not Christianly.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Contain yourself, Humility. Doth any know where is Master Billington today?

PRISCILLA: He hath gone with Robert Carter to see what they can find.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: That young man of your father's doth need looking after. Forgive me, Priscilla. Your father hath suffered much from his servant. The company of Master Billington is none of the best. Why Master Billington chose to come with us is not clear to me.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: He hath the spirit of adventure. However, I sometimes fear he will come to no good end.

[JOHN ALDEN appears at the door beckoning with eagerness.]

ALDEN: The shallop! The shallop is coming! They wave good tidings and all are safe. Come!

[With exclamations of joy the company dissolves.]

[HERE ENDETH THE FOURTH EPISODE.]

EPISODE V

THE CHOSEN LAND

SCENE: *At Plymouth Harbor, December 19 (Old Style). In the bay is the good ship MAYFLOWER. From her deck can be seen open, gently rolling country, with a brook running down on the north. The first observation party is going ashore by means of the shallop. A good-sized rock, the only convenient one on the sand, offers the surest foothold as they step from the boat.]*

THE MATE: Steady, boys, steady! Hold her up to the rock.

MARY CHILTON (*rising in the shallop*): I claim the first right. Your hand, John Alden. [*She steps on the surface of the rock, then jumps lightly to the sand beyond.*] I have won my vow.

JOHN ALDEN (*as he follows her*): And what might that be, Mistress Mary?

MARY (*as they walk slowly ahead of the others*): To be the first woman to set foot on the Plymouth shore. I wish to tell the story to my great-grandchildren. [*They laugh.*]

STANDISH (*having assisted his wife across the rock*): See, Rose, there is the hill I told you of. And to the left is the brook. There is land enough for houses and gardens.

ROSE: It doth my heart good, Myles, to see the place where we may set up our new home. And it doth me good to see the spirit in which Mary Chilton hath put aside her sorrow to share in this new life.

STANDISH: She bears her father's loss bravely.

CARVER (*approaching with the rest of the company*): Now ye see the land which we have chosen. This clearing, with appearance of inhabitants not so long ago but

with no sign of human life today, will render the task of opening up the forest easier. The sweet brook under the hillside will furnish needed water.

STANDISH: From here ye see well the harbor. Methinks that Captain Jones hath safe resting place for his *Mayflower*.

BRADFORD: Let us not be too hasty in leaving the good ship that hath been our abiding place for so many weeks. Until this sickness which hath settled upon many be passed it were well to use the protection of the boat.

CARVER: That is true. In the meanwhile we can build the Common House to which we can remove our furniture and supplies. Thereafter the smaller houses can be built. Think you not, Master Bradford, that it would be the part of equity to settle the location of the meersteads and garden plots by lot?

BRADFORD: That is wise counsel, Governor. Winslow, methinks that task falls to you.

WINSLOW: I will prepare the map. We will build the Common House a safe distance from the shore and thence a street up the hill.

BRADFORD: And on the top of the hill a platform where it were well to place the ordnance we brought along.

WINSLOW: Yea, truly. We shall need eighteen or twenty houses at once, to place which there will be needed a highway on the one hand and another on the other. [*Pointing to the left and the right.*]

STANDISH (*who has been talking apart with a group*): There ye see the island which we named for John Clarke—our mate. Yonder is the ledge whereon the shallop near tipped over.

MARY: It appeareth not dangerous from here.

STANDISH: But the waves were running high, it was dark, snow was in the air, and we saw not the rock beneath. The lookout cried he saw harbor, to push ahead, the seamen crowded on the sail, when, snap! the mast split like kindling into three pieces and the sail dragged in the water. We were imperiled by breakers and in another moment would have been thrown into the raging deep. Then Thomas English rose in his place, handled his oar with great dexterity, and with coolness and precision pushed the shallop back, while at the same time he called upon the seamen to pull sharply. This they did; we rounded the ledge and came into calm water under the lee of Clarke's Island.

MARY: Where is Thomas English? [*She perceives him standing near the water's edge, where he is retaining the shallop by means of a rope.*] Thomas English, receive the thanks of a maid who hath nothing better than thanks to give. You have rendered a great service. Little could we have spared any one of the noble men in the boat at that time—Governor Carver, Master Bradford, Master Winslow, Master Warren, Master Hopkins, John and Edward Tilley, John! Howland, Edward Doty, and our brave Captain Standish.

ENGLISH (*somewhat abashed*): I but did my duty, Mistress Mary Chilton.

MARY: A quick mind rendered that duty the more valuable

ROSE: And I, Thomas English, speak to you thanks for the safety of my husband.

STANDISH: By my faith, Thomas English, you run some risk of rousing my jealous spirit. Your name will

be a household word in Plymouth long after you return to your native heath.

ENGLISH (*with dignity*): That would be an honor, Captain Standish.

CARVER: Come, come, this sounds much like the praising of ourselves. Let us back to the ship. It grows cold.

GILBERT WINSLOW (*approaching from a group of young men who have been conversing at one side*): Governor, there be some who would gladly get to work upon the Common House at once. Permit us to remain on shore all the night, that we may be astir early. Food can be brought us by the first boat in the morning.

BRADFORD: Your enthusiasm is praiseworthy, young men, but I doubt the wisdom. The wind is blowing cold, and I like not those clouds in the east.

GILBERT: Sir, we have our cloaks and flint with us. We can build a fire and sleep under the lea of the hill.

CARVER: 'Tis good to be young and eager. Remain if ye wish, and we will send supplies early. See that ye keep the fire burning briskly.

[*The young men depart up the sand and the rest embark in the shallop.*]

[HERE ENDETH THE FIFTH EPISODE.]

EPISODE VI

THE WINTER OF SORROW

SCENE: *Interior of the Brewster cabin, February 28. MISTRESS BREWSTER sits before the fire as one recovering from illness. MISTRESS HOPKINS is tucking in a blanket around her knees.*

MISTRESS HOPKINS: It is good to see you sitting up again, Mistress Brewster. We'll have you around before many days.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: May the Lord will it so. The fever doth leave me weak as a child.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: I have brought you a warm drink. May it be tasty to your poor tongue.

*[She brings a cup from the table and holds it so that
MISTRESS BREWSTER may drink.]*



"I have brought you a warm drink"

MISTRESS BREWSTER: I thank you. [*After drinking, she settles back among her pillows.*] How doth Master Rigdale and his wife Alice?

MISTRESS HOPKINS: I hoped that you would not ask the question. The men are even now up on the hillside. There are two more graves side by side.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: The Lord be merciful to us! It grieveth my soul to see them slip away.

MISTRESS HOPKINS (*standing before the fire with head bowed*): Doth it not almost make your faith waver in the wisdom of our venture? Delayed so long upon the sea, turned from the path which would have brought us to a more temperate shore, the bitter cold and lack of good drink—there will come a question whether we truly serve the Lord in this desolate land.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Dear Mistress Hopkins, those are the doubtings of a spirit overweared in the cares which have befallen you. Surely God will not desert his people. [*Pause.*] 'Tis true that the more tender succumb to the austerities of our life. The tragic death of Dorothy Bradford cut me to the heart, and then so soon to suffer the loss of our sweet Rose Standish—no sorrow hath been so deep, for I loved Rose dearly. [*Pause.*]

MISTRESS HOPKINS (*moving about the room on small household tasks*): And not a word, Mistress Brewster, do you say of the burdens which have fallen upon you, how that you and our revered Elder have given a home to the three orphaned maidens.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Where else should they be save with us, Mistress Hopkins? [*Smiling.*] You hesitated not to add some lambkins to your own flock. And as for my maidens, they have been so much in demand among

the sick who were in greater need than myself that truly but slight glimpse have I had of them lately.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: Surely the welfare of this colony hath rested much upon young shoulders. [*The door opens, revealing PRISCILLA.*] Here comes our Priscilla.

PRISCILLA (*throwing off the cloak from her shoulders, her eyes bright with animation, although her smiling face is pale*): Mary Chilton hath come from the boat to sit with Mistress Winslow, and I ran down to learn how you are, dear Mistress Brewster.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: The Lord increaseth my strength day by day, Priscilla. How doth Mistress Winslow today?

PRISCILLA (*shaking her head*): She is very ill. Dr. Fuller hath no remedies which prove effective. O Mistress Brewster [*kneeling before her*], she is so lovely, and must we lose her also?

MISTRESS BREWSTER (*sadly*): If it be the Lord's will, my child. [*Folding Priscilla's hands in hers.*] You are a noble girl. Your father, your mother, your brother gone—none but yourself to greet your elder brother and sister when they make the long trip across the water. And your thought is all for others. [*Putting her hand on PRISCILLA's head.*] May you have a happy home, Priscilla, that your beautiful spirit may extend to those who shall build a stronger commonwealth than is our privilege.

PRISCILLA: I thank you, dear Mistress Brewster

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Will you not remain to take your sleep now, after your night watch?

PRISCILLA (*jumping up*): I go to the boat to assist Mistress White feed the children. She must guard her strength, and the little Allerton children are crying for their mother.

[*She throws her cloak around her shoulders.*]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Do not tax yourself beyond your powers.

PRISCILLA: Nay, do not fear. The need of the children will keep us well—so say Mary and Elizabeth and I. [*Laughing.*] You should see Elizabeth Tilley with the three babies at the Common House. Peregrine is in his cradle, sucking his thumbs. Thy Oceanus [*to* MISTRESS HOPKINS] is asleep as a good child should be. Baby Samuel Eaton, poor motherless thing, is tossing his toes before the fire. I do tell Elizabeth that she is a most skillful nurse.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: Did you look in at my house as you came by?

PRISCILLA: Giles and John Cooke are cutting wood near the door, and Constanta and Humility keep the children of the colony within by the fire. Your Love [*to* MISTRESS BREWSTER] had been telling about Pieter's Kerckhoff where he played in Leyden.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: So memory becomes a playmate. Where is the boy John Crackstone?

MISTRESS HOPKINS: Mistress Billington hath taken him into her household.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: That is a worthy act. Her husband is country-bred. Master Bradford hath said, "I know not by what friend Master Billington was shuffled into our company." His wife is a scold, but she cares for the orphaned.

PRISCILLA (*turning back as she reaches the door*): Did you hear the words of the seaman on the *Mayflower* whom we helped despite his railing and cursing?

MISTRESS BREWSTER: What said he?

PRISCILLA: "Oh," said he, "you, I now see, show your love like Christians indeed one to another, but we let one another lie and die like dogs."

[PRISCILLA *leaves.*]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

[*Enter MASTER BRADFORD, who walks across to MISTRESS BREWSTER and takes her hand.*]

MASTER BRADFORD (*with gentle solicitude*): How are you today, Mistress Brewster?

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Better, I thank you. [BRADFORD *finds a chair and seats himself with evidences of effort.*] And how are you this morning?

MASTER BRADFORD: Still very lame in the right hip, so that it is with hardship that I cover this damp and slippery ground. I rejoice that your husband hath been free from sickness during this terrible winter.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: It is a cause of great thankfulness. William Brewster and Myles Standish have been upheld by the Lord to care for the needy.

BRADFORD: Yea, I am myself much beholden to them. Never shall I forget the day in January when the Common House thatch caught fire and Governor Carver and myself lay ill inside unable to save ourselves.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: That was a sad day indeed, for we on the ship thought it was the Indians that had set fire to the house. The storm hindered us from crossing to help. We could do naught but pray for your safety.

BRADFORD: Your prayers doubtless availed, but Myles Standish was the very present help in trouble. He

carried me without and then lay to upon the muskets and powder, so that there should be no explosion. Myles Standish hath the courage of a warrior.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: And he hath the heart of a woman.

BRADFORD: So he hath. He hath been indeed a tender nurse to the sick. I now recall the words that our Pastor Robinson wrote of him: "He is a man whom I love, and am persuaded ye Lord in great mercie and for much good hath sent him among you, if you use him aright. He is most humble and meek amongst you and towards all in ordinary course." Though not a member of our body, he hath shown a true Christian spirit.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: And in time of need will be our most loyal defender.

BRADFORD: Yea, truly, for the savages, I fear, will not be friendly.

[Enter ELDER BREWSTER. *He throws off his greatcoat and approaches the fire to warm his hands.*]

BREWSTER: Master Carver doth report that Mistress Carver is not so well today.

BRADFORD (*fervently*): May she be spared to him and to us.

[MISTRESS HOPKINS *makes a gesture of farewell to*
MISTRESS BREWSTER *and leaves.*]

BREWSTER: Master Bradford, it hath been in my thought for several days that it were well to enter a record of those who have passed from our group this winter of devastation. The end may not be yet. Less than thirty of the elders are left. Our children, praise be to the Lord, have escaped the affliction marvelously.

MISTRESS BREWSTER (*tenderly*): Four are gone and the three little bound children. It hath been a consolation that our two eldest are safe in Holland.

BREWSTER (*bringing inkhorn and paper, sitting at a table, and writing through the ensuing conversation*): Ye dead in ye Plymouth Colony ye first winter.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Of the wives there hath been Mistress Dorothy Bradford, Mistress Rose Standish, Mistress Mary Allerton, leaving three children, and Mistress Sarah Eaton, leaving an eight-months-old baby.

BREWSTER: Of husbands only there hath been Master William White, leaving his wife and two children, John Crackstone and Thomas Rogers, leaving one son each, John Turner, and his two sons.

BRADFORD: Of husband and wife there hath been William Mullens and wife and son, Edward Tilley and wife, John Tilley and wife, Thomas Tinker, wife, and son, James Chilton and wife, Edward Fuller and wife, leaving a five-year-old child, Christopher Martin and wife, John Rigdale and wife.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Make note of the three little bound children, Jasper and Ellen More and their baby brother.

BRADFORD: Many of our stalwart young men, whose zeal at our first landing exposed them to the three days' storm and by whose deaths we have suffered much — Moses Fletcher, Thomas Williams, Degory Priest, John Goodman, Edmund Margeson, Richard Britteridge, Richard Clarke, John Allerton, and, most unhappily, for we would do him special honor, Thomas English.

BREWSTER: Nor would it be just to omit the names of our faithful servants: Roger Wilder, Elias Story, John

Hooke, William Batten, Solomon Prower, John Lange-more, Robert Carter, William Holbeck, and Edward Thompson. [*Rising and bowing his head.*] Let us pray. Ought not the children of these fathers—martyrs to the cause of freedom—rightly say: Our fathers were English-men which came over this great ocean and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but we cried unto the Lord and he heard our voice and looked on our adversity? Let us therefore praise the Lord, because he is good and his mercie endureth forever. Yea, let them which have been re-deemed of the Lord show how he hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressor. When we wandered in the desert wilderness out of the way and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty, our soul was over-whelmed in us. Let us confess before the Lord his loving-kindness and his wonderful works before the sons of men. Amen.

[HERE ENDETH THE SIXTH EPISODE.]

EPISODE VII

THE TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

SCENE: *In the Common House, March 22. The building is plain in structure, with a fireplace on one side. The casement windows, containing oiled paper, stand open. Within the room is a motley array, in reasonable order, of tables, chairs, chests, beds, and smaller articles. WILLIAM BRADFORD is busy at a table, and ELDER BREWSTER stands near a window, looking out.*

BREWSTER: Surely the crest of our grief hath passed. It doth rejoice my heart to see the last of our company come ashore today and take up permanent residence on the land.

BRADFORD: Yea, and now Captain Jones may hoist sail for England as soon as the wind and tide permit. He hath not been a generous host to our sick on shipboard.

BREWSTER: It is true, but Captain Jones's heart underwent a change. How quickly did he, after his seamen fell ill, send back to us the beer which he had reserved for his own use, and which was so much needed at the time. The Lord hath not been unmindful of his own.

BRADFORD: So I thought this morning when I heard the sweet singing of the spring birds, felt the pleasant warmth of the sun, and found these spring beauties in the woodland. Surely it is good to be alive even here on the shore of this New England.

[Enter JOHN ALDEN.]

ALDEN: Master Bradford, did you think that the Indian Samoset would return, according to his word?

BRADFORD: He said that he would return.

ALDEN: Aye, and there he comes now and another with him. [*Pointing through the door.*] I hope he will not fright the women folk as he did on his first appearance.

[Enter two Indians, SAMOSET and SQUANTO, accompanied by EDWARD WINSLOW and CAPTAIN STANDISH.]

SAMOSET (*lifting high his hand, palm out*): Greeting, Englishmen.

ALL (*returning the Indian salute*): Greeting.

SAMOSET: This—Squanto. He speak better English.

SQUANTO: Greeting.

ALL: Greeting.

SQUANTO: Welcome, Englishmen. Our chief, Massasoit, would be friends with the Englishmen. He waits across the brook on yonder hill. Will you receive him?

STANDISH: What surety have we that the chief Massasoit is true?

SQUANTO: Send a messenger. He hath the pipe of peace. Send your messenger to speak with the chief.

WINSLOW: Captain, I will go to the hill to parley with the chief Massasoit.

BRADFORD: Master Winslow, your wife is ill. If aught should come to you —

WINSLOW: It is my work and I fear nothing.

BREWSTER: Go, then, and the Lord be with you.

[WINSLOW and SQUANTO leave. SAMOSET remains,
standing impassive.]

STANDISH: I will go to inform the Governor and to prepare to receive the chief.

[STANDISH leaves. Those in the room look from
the windows to the hill across the brook.]

BREWSTER: The hand of the Lord doth show in this Indian who so providentially speaks English. May he be an instrument for happy relations with our savage neighbor.

ALDEN: It would seem that the parley is successful. Our Master Winslow doth place a copper chain about the neck of the chief, and the chief doth reciprocate. And now Master Winslow gives him knives and also to the Indian who stands next. And to them both he gives our strong water to drink, and also biscuits to eat. And the chief doth give unto his followers. Surely he is well pleased.

BRADFORD: Master Winslow appears to be writing, and the chief nods with approval. He hath finished; and now they come.



Myles Standish

[*Without can be heard the sound of the drum, beaten by BARTHOLOMEW ALLERTON. CAPTAIN STANDISH and six others, armed with muskets, march into the room. The six range themselves on either side, while CAPTAIN STANDISH meets the chief, MASSASOIT, and escorts him to a chair, where ALDEN and BRADFORD have placed cushions. The company arranges itself in state and awaits the coming of GOVERNOR CARVER. The GOVERNOR, attended by JOHN HOWLAND, enters with the sound of trumpet and drum. He advances to MASSASOIT and takes his hand, stooping to kiss it. The chief kisses the hand of GOVERNOR CARVER in return. Then MASSASOIT rises and speaks in his native tongue. When he has finished, SQUANTO becomes interpreter.*]

SQUANTO: Chief Massasoit desireth to make a treaty of peace with the Englishman. He says, better to live in justice and fair treatment than in enmity.

CARVER: Say to the chief Massasoit that justice and fair treatment we wish to give unto him and to receive from him. What are the terms of the treaty?

WINSLOW: These are the terms of the treaty: (1) that neither Massasoit nor any of his tribe should injure or do hurt to any of the Englishmen; (2) that if any of the tribe of Massasoit did hurt to any of the Englishmen, he should send the offender that the Englishmen might punish him; (3) that if anything were taken away from any of the Englishmen, Massasoit should cause it to be restored; and they should do likewise to him; (4) if any did unjustly war against him, they would aid him; if any did war against the English, he would aid them; (5) Massasoit would send to his neighbors confederates, to certify to them of this treaty, that they might not wrong the English, but might likewise be comprised in the condition of peace; (6) that when their men came to the English, they should leave their bows and arrows behind them.

CARVER: Say to the chief Massasoit that we came here seeking freedom to worship the Great Father. We believe in happiness for the individual through the common good. This treaty doth recognize the common good. I will sign.

[SQUANTO *speaks to MASSASOIT. The chief nods his head majestically.*]

CARVER (*sitting in a chair and signing the treaty*): In the name of our sovereign lord King James, in ye year of his reign of England, France, and Ireland ye eighteenth, and of Scotland ye fifty-fourth. Ye 22 of March, anno. Dom. 1620 (Old Style). Massasoit—his mark. [*He rises and hands the quill to MASSASOIT, who makes his mark.*] Give the chief to drink.

[JOHN HOWLAND *hands him a cup. MASSASOIT drinks and returns the cup. SAMOSET hands the pipe of peace to MASSASOIT. He takes one whiff, then hands the pipe to CARVER, who does the same, and returns the pipe to SAMOSET. STANDISH and his armed men march from the room, followed by MASSASOIT; then CARVER, preceded by his drummer and trumpeter. The rest leave except JOHN ALDEN and JOHN HOWLAND, who are detained by SQUANTO.*]

SQUANTO: Wait, Englishmen.

[*He leaves and they wait expectantly. In a moment he returns with tools in his hand.*]

SQUANTO: The Indians return these tools.

HOWLAND: These are the tools the Indians stole from Captain Standish. Thanks, Squanto, for your honesty. How did you learn English?

SQUANTO: Born here, lived here as a boy, taken by Master Hunt to Spain, ran away on a ship to England, worked for a merchant there, learned English, came back

with Master Dermer, ran away to my own people. Wish to stay here.

ALDEN: You say you were born here in Plymouth?

SQUANTO: Yea, Master.

ALDEN: Then where be the tribe which inhabited these parts?

SQUANTO: Sickness, Master, bad sickness came, all people died—no one left. All corn left in fields, all wigwams deserted, no tribes would come, the land open, free.

ALDEN: When did you return to this place?

SQUANTO: When the leaves turn from green to red and yellow.

HOWLAND: November last?

SQUANTO: I think so. I stay here now with you.

ALDEN: You wish to remain with us, Squanto? What would you do?

SQUANTO: Show you how to plant corn and make it grow, how to get fish at the right time, how to hunt in the woodland.

HOWLAND: It is true that we need instruction in such matters. Let us go to report to Governor Carver. I doubt not he will be rejoiced with the news and add Squanto to our number.

[*They leave the Common House.*]

[HERE ENDETH THE SEVENTH EPISODE.]

EPISODE VIII

THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER

SCENE: *The open space before the Common House, April 8. JOHN HOWLAND, with letters in his hand, stands looking pensively at the MAYFLOWER in the bay, riding at anchor with all sails set,*

GOVERNOR CARVER *comes from the door of the Common House, also with letters.*

CARVER: Have you Edward Winslow's letter, John, to his brother in England?

HOWLAND: It is here.

CARVER: 'Tis sad news he hath for them. Would that Mistress Winslow might have been spared to us. But such was not the Lord's will. This is for Pastor John Robinson. It contains Elder Brewster's list of our dead this terrible winter. This for Thomas Weston, the master of our good ship *Mayflower*. Disappointed will he be that no lading is sent back in the hold. He is a man over-anxious for his money. He will know naught of the rigors of the country and the sickness. But I have herewith given him a true account of the calamities which it hath pleased God to visit upon us. May he have an understanding heart.

[PRISCILLA and MARY CHILTON *approach and hand letters to JOHN HOWLAND.*]

PRISCILLA: Elder Brewster hath writ to my brother and sister, for I would not that they should learn from others of our dear father and mother and brother.

[MISTRESS BREWSTER, ELDER BREWSTER, and MASTER BRADFORD *come, bringing letters.*]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: John, a letter for my children in Holland, in Pastor Robinson's care. I pray that they are yet in health.

BRADFORD: To my beloved friend Pastor Robinson, and to my well-beloved child, and to our friend Robert Cushman.

[JOHN ALDEN *approaches.*]

ALDEN: Letters from the captain—and my own.

[Enter CAPTAIN JONES. *He has letters in his hand and receives those from JOHN HOWLAND.*]

JONES: The tide is on the turn, the wind is favorable, and we sail shortly. Sir [*addressing* GOVERNOR CARVER], I have seen the company in danger, in sickness, even unto death. You have cared for my men in their illness and have been just and fair in your dealings. A shame it would be, it seems to me, that more of your people should perish in the wilderness. I hereby offer free passage to any who wish to return to England.

CARVER (*after a pause and speaking with emotion*): Doth any here wish to accept the offer of Captain Jones?

ALL (*earnestly*): Not I. Not I.

JONES: I made the same offer to your young men. They refused. Not one returns to England. Sir, I honor you all.

[CAPTAIN JONES *goes down the path, followed slowly by JOHN HOWLAND, MARY CHILTON, PRISCILLA, and JOHN ALDEN. They stand on the hillside, no regret in their hearts, but a tender longing in their eyes, and watch the full-rigged ship putting out to sea. As it passes from the harbor they wave their farewell.*]

[HERE ENDETH THE EIGHTH EPISODE.]

EPISODE IX

TRADITIONS AND CONJECTURES

SCENE: *In the Common House, June 18. The room has been cleared of the beds, and contains a table, a few chairs, and barrels of supplies. In one corner is a small pile of Indian corn. BARTHOLOMEW ALLERTON, eight years old, and LOVE BREWSTER, seven, are seated on the floor, shelling corn. LOVE lays down the last of his pile, lifts his pan, and shakes it.*

BARTHOLOMEW (*glancing up with a frown upon his face*): Love Brewster, you have finished. You had not so much as I.



"Love Brewster, you had not so much as I"

LOVE: Yea, I had just as much. Your father gave me the same he gave to you.

BARTHOLOMEW: You cannot count. You do not know.

LOVE: I do know he would not give me less than he gave you.

BARTHOLOMEW: My father did say that I could not walk into the wood if I finished not my stint sooner. He doth say that I be slow.

LOVE: I will help you. Then we can go together.

[Enter GILES HOPKINS, fifteen years old.]

GILES: Bartholomew, your father doth ask for the turkey wheat. Have you finished your stint?

BARTHOLOMEW: Yea, Giles, shortly.

[He and LOVE work briskly.]

GILES: Whose is this painful?

BARTHOLOMEW: That is Love's. This turkey wheat doth hurt my fingers, and I cannot work so fast.

GILES: You are clumsy, Bartholomew. Here, I will help you. Your father doth wait to plant it. Squanto hath dug the hills and put in the alewives.

BARTHOLOMEW: And I wanted to see him put in the alewives.

GILES: Why can you not come with me now?

BARTHOLOMEW: Because Priscilla doth give us a lesson today. We must do our stint and then go to school.

GILES: When you become a man you can do a man's work. I suppose while you are still a boy you must do a boy's work. There, now your stint is done. I will take the turkey wheat to your father.

[GILES leaves. Enter PRISCILLA, with WRESTLING BREWSTER, aged four, RICHARD MORE, aged six, and HENRY SAMPSON, six. PRISCILLA drops a skein of yarn on the table and arranges some spring flowers in a pewter cup. Immediately there come running in REMEMBER ALLERTON, six, her sister MARY, four, and DAMARIS HOPKINS, three, SAMUEL FULLER, five, and RESOLVED WHITE, five. They have flowers in their hands and shyly give them to PRISCILLA.]

REMEMBER: See, Priscilla, what beautiful flowers in the woods this morning—all over the ground. We picked them for you.

PRISCILLA: I thank you, Remember. [*She takes the flowers.*] These lovely blossoms are like God's gifts to us. Do you not think that God speaks to us through them?

REMEMBER: Yea, Priscilla. They are God's children, I think.

PRISCILLA: They are indeed, Remember.

[*She arranges them on the table. The children seat themselves on the floor.*]

PRISCILLA (*turning toward them*): "Good children must—"

[*The children recite in concert, led by the older ones.*]

CHILDREN: "Fear God all day,
Parents obey,
No false thing say,
By no sin stray,
Love Christ alway,
In secret pray,
Mind little play,
Make no delay
In doing good."

PRISCILLA: Mary Allerton. [*She stands up.*] Damaris Hopkins. [*She stands up.*] Wrestling Brewster. [*He stands up.*] Resolved White. [*He stands up.*] Samuel Fuller. [*He stands up.*]

[PRISCILLA gives the following line by line, and the little ones, after the manner common to childhood, repeat each line haltingly.]

PRISCILLA: "Though I am young, a little one,
If I can speak and go alone,
Then I must learn to know the Lord,
And learn to read his holy word."

PRISCILLA: You may sit down. Remember Allerton.
[*She stands up.*] Henry Sampson. [*He stands up.*]
Richard More. [*He stands up.*] "He that ne'er learns
his A. B. C.—"

THE THREE (*in concert*):

"He that ne'er learns his A. B. C.
Forever will a blockhead be;
But he who to his book's inclined
Will soon a golden treasure find."

[*They sit down.*]

PRISCILLA: Mary Allerton, can you say your child's
grace before meat?

[*MARY stands up and hesitates.*]

REMEMBER (*with eagerness*): I can, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA: I am sure you can, Remember, but let us
listen to Mary.

MARY (*with help from Priscilla*): "Bless me, O Lord,
and let my food strengthen me to serve thee, for Jesus
Christ's sake. Amen." [*She sits down.*]

PRISCILLA: Bartholomew Allerton. [*He stands up.*]
Love Brewster. [*He stands up.*] Who was the first man?

BARTHOLOMEW: Adam.

PRISCILLA: Who was the first woman?

LOVE: Eve.

PRISCILLA: Who was the first murderer?

BARTHOLOMEW: Cain.

PRISCILLA: Who was the first martyr?

LOVE: Abel.

PRISCILLA: Who was the first translated?

BARTHOLOMEW (*struggling with the answer, does not succeed in getting it out before there is an interruption*):
E—e—e—

[CONSTANTA HOPKINS *runs into the room.*]

CONSTANTA: Priscilla, you must dismiss the children. A dreadful thing hath happened.

PRISCILLA: Fire, Constanta?

CONSTANTA: No, no. Much more dreadful. And Governor Bradford is coming to the Common House. Send away the children.

PRISCILLA (*to the children*): You may go now.

[*The children run out with excitement. CONSTANTA begins to weep.*]

CONSTANTA: O Priscilla, Edward Lister and Edward Doty have had a duel in the forest, and Governor Bradford is very stern and he promises to make a public example of them.

PRISCILLA: A duel! Why have Edward Lister and Edward Doty thought it necessary to duel here in Plymouth?

CONSTANTA (*hanging her head*): I—I—am sure I cannot say, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA (*with indignation*): A pretty thing to do at this time! What caused the quarrel? They have their full rights with other members of the colony. They cannot quarrel over land or duties or position. [CONSTANTA *still hangs her head and appears confused.*] Constanta! [PRISCILLA *takes her by the chin and looks into her face.*] Can you tell me more of this? Why have your father's servants been fighting?

CONSTANTA: Father asked them the same thing, and they said it was a matter of honor.

PRISCILLA: Of honor! Constanta, doth either one think to wed you some day?

CONSTANTA (*nodding her head*): Both!

PRISCILLA: And they must settle it in this most troublesome manner! Constanta, what have you done by way of encouragement?

CONSTANTA: Nothing, Priscilla, not a thing. You can imagine my astonishment to hear them thus publicly proclaim that they had had words about me. As for me, Priscilla, I wish not to wed either one of my father's servants, and I will not.

PRISCILLA: We must all be married some day, Constanta, but I trust that you will not marry one of these. What can have led to this? Mayhap it was the sudden marriage of Master Winslow and Mistress White, a very wise action, but not clearly understood by our foolish youths.

CONSTANTA: Then you do think it was not unwise that Master Winslow should marry seven weeks after the death of our lovely Mistress Winslow?

PRISCILLA: Nay, Constanta. Mistress White hath her two little ones and baby Samuel Eaton to care for. She and Master Winslow are well mated in culture and temperament. No wise one in the colony would pass judgment upon them.

[MYLES STANDISH *appears at the door.*]

STANDISH: You have dismissed your school, Priscilla. That is well.

[*Enter* GOVERNOR BRADFORD, *looking very stern.* JOHN HOWLAND *follows with two swords which he places upon the table. Then*

enter EDWARD LISTER, slightly limping, his right hand bound in bandages, and EDWARD DOTY, also limping, with MISTRESS HOPKINS still in the act of binding his hand. The entire colony follows.

In the center stands GOVERNOR BRADFORD. CAPTAIN STANDISH is at his right hand. Before him are the two young men up for judgment, with MASTER HOPKINS and his wife on either side. Near by are the chief members of the colony, ELDER BREWSTER and his wife, MASTER WINSLOW and his new wife, recently MISTRESS WHITE (carrying PEREGRINE in her arms), JOHN BILLINGTON and MISTRESS BILLINGTON (who has the year-old SAMUEL EATON in her arms), RICHARD WARREN, and FRANCIS COOKE. In a group at one side around PRISCILLA and the troubled CONSTANTA are the maidens—MARY CHILTON (who has taken little OCEANUS from his mother), ELIZABETH TILLEY, HUMILITY COOPER, and DESIRE MINTER, all of whom cannot resist a romantic interest in the affair. On the other side are the young men, who, too, doubtless feel that this event affords an unwonted livening of the daily routine—GILBERT WINSLOW, PETER BROWNE, RICHARD GARDINER, and GEORGE SOULE (servant to EDWARD WINSLOW). Looking on with youthful scorn of the follies which breed public disgrace, are the boys over ten—GILES HOPKINS, JOHN COOKE, JOHN CRACKSTONE, JOHN and FRANCIS BILLINGTON, and JOSEPH ROGERS. The children under ten, hushed into awe by the unusual severity upon the faces of their elders, peer curiously from the corners.]

BRADFORD: Young men, this doth cut me to the heart. That friends should have met each other thus [*pointing to their bandaged hands*] over a dispute of trifling moment! [*At these words both, who have been standing with downcast heads, look up quickly.*] Ye think it not so trifling? Remember that there is but one who could settle this matter for ye—and that is the maiden concerned. If her heart directs her not, she will choose neither one of ye. This little maid is yet young. Spare her for a few years. [*A general buzz of approval among the company.*]

For this disturbance of the peace of our colony, it is well that ye should undergo some punishment as a lesson to



"That friends should have met each other thus!"

yourselves and us. Captain Standish, what have you to offer?

STANDISH (*sternly*): That they sit on the public street, with hands and feet tied, and fast for twenty-four hours.

BRADFORD: It is well. To my regret, I hand these young men over to you, Captain Standish.

[STANDISH *steps forward, and the two men pass before him through the company and out of the door. MASTER HOPKINS and his wife now become the center of attention.*]

HOPKINS: Governor Bradford, much do I regret this occurrence, and gladly would I have prevented it. Yet do I plead that the sentence be withdrawn. My young men have, I am sure, much repented their rash act.

[STANDISH *returns.*]

STANDISH: Sir, the prisoners are undergoing their punishment.

MISTRESS HOPKINS: Myles Standish, do you not think that the two have suffered sufficient? They have learned a lesson. Pray release them from this indignity.

STANDISH (*to GOVERNOR BRADFORD, earnestly and yet with a twinkle in his eye*): A disturbance of the peace is a serious matter, Governor.

BRADFORD: It is true.

BREWSTER: But let us consider that Christian charity often restores peace.

BRADFORD: If Christian charity will maintain peace, it were well to use it. [*Looking around at the faces.*] Would ye that the sentence be revoked?

ALL: Yea, yea, yea!

BRADFORD: Bring the prisoners.

[STANDISH *leaves.*]

CONSTANTA (*going to the GOVERNOR and making a curtsy*): Accept my thanks, Governor Bradford, for your kindness of heart.

BRADFORD (*kindly*): Mayhap it is less my kindness of heart than your unhappy countenance, my little maiden.

[*Enter STANDISH and the two young men.*]

BRADFORD: Here be many pleading for leniency. What have ye to say for yourselves?

EDWARD LISTER: Sir, I much regret my hasty action. We had foolish words. I promise better carriage in the future.

EDWARD DOTY: Sir, I, too, promise better caution. And I offer my hand in token of my intention.

[They extend their unharmed left hands and shake heartily.]

BRADFORD: It is well. Go in peace.

[The company go out, engaged in general conversation. As PRISCILLA is about to leave, she turns back to get her yarn from the table.

JOHN ALDEN has lingered in the background and addresses her.]

ALDEN: These flowers are very beautiful, Priscilla. Methinks the Plymouth woods almost surpass our meadows at home.

PRISCILLA (*picking up her yarn*): Do you still call it home, John?

ALDEN: The word slips out at times.

PRISCILLA: Will you hold my skein, John? This is my stint for the day.

[She winds while they talk.]

JOHN: Governor Bradford doth conduct himself with discretion. He is a wise successor to Governor Carver.

PRISCILLA: It is true, and yet we miss Governor Carver and his sweet wife. It was one of the Lord's mercies that Mistress Carver should endure the winter. After her husband's death life held no further interest for her. She had a delicate spirit.

JOHN: I know of none better qualified to undertake the governance of our colony than Master Bradford. He was always a student. He hath a knowledge of Latin

and Greek and Hebrew and speaks as easily in Dutch as in his native tongue.

PRISCILLA: Will you ease up a trifle on the yarn, John?

[JOHN *is embarrassed and draws his hands closer together.*]

JOHN: Moreover, he hath a keen sense of justice, is a skilful reader of character, draws for his councillors from strong men. We are safe in the hands of Master Bradford, although he is yet young.

PRISCILLA (*heaving a sigh, in an effort to change the conversation*): John, are you fully recovered in your strength?

JOHN: Yea, Priscilla, I have worked in the field lately with no sign of fatigue. I shall shortly take up the work for which I came.

PRISCILLA: How much was it that you were engaged to prepare?

JOHN: As many staves as the hold of the vessel would contain. It was to serve as ballast as well as for the wood which we brought out of the country in our barrels. Such is according to the law.

PRISCILLA: Then Captain Jones lacked ballast as well as the staves?

JOHN: It is true. We hope, however, that he was spared the storms we encountered on the way.

PRISCILLA: When your contract is finished, John, what shall you do?

JOHN: I am at liberty to return if I choose.

PRISCILLA: To Southampton would you go?

JOHN: Yea, to the home of my mother. I doubt not she would be rejoiced to see me. I had little thought when, in the spirit of adventure, I hired for this trip, that I should remain through the summer.

[*Having finished the winding, PRISCILLA begins to knit.*]

PRISCILLA: When the ship returned, you remained—because—you felt that your work was not accomplished?

JOHN: Yea, Priscilla. There was none else who was fitted for the work of a cooper. And the sickness had left but few young men. It would have been the part of a coward to return on the first trip.

PRISCILLA: But not on the second, John. I can see you going back to our merry England after your contract is fulfilled, for you have not the same call to stay.

[She droops her head over her work.]

JOHN: Priscilla, I came under a contract, with freedom to go or stay as I chose. I have lived here, worshiped under your elder, and learned to love your people. My choice has been made. I remain here at Plymouth.

PRISCILLA: Right glad am I to hear this, John. I did fear that we should lose you by this time one year hence.

JOHN: If I remain, will you make a home with me?

PRISCILLA: I esteem your friendship above that of any other, John. But there is work to be done. The summer is coming on. I have much to repay to these kind friends. Urge me not at present. In the fall I will give you my answer.

[JOHN rises and bends over her hand and kisses it.]

[HERE ENDETH THE NINTH EPISODE.]

EPISODE X

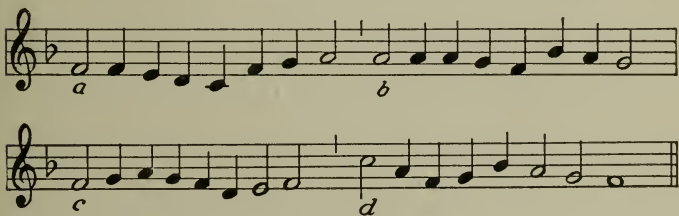
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

SCENE: *The celebration of the harvest, November 11, 1620. The table is set under the sky of a bright autumn day. Upon it is an abundance of vegetables, wild turkey, and venison. Around it are gathered the men, women, young men, and maidens of the*

colony. At one end are the eager children. At the other end are Indians who have arrived unexpectedly with their chief. In the center of the picture stands ELDER BREWSTER, with GOVERNOR BRADFORD on his right and MASSASOIT on his left. The first thanksgiving in the new world is to be inaugurated.

BREWSTER: Friends, the Lord hath been with us in all our ways, to bless our outgoings and our incomings, for which let his holy name have praise to all posterity. We are recovered in health and strength. All the summer there hath been no want. We have gathered in a good harvest. We have stored away fish in abundance, a portion to every family. Of wild turkeys and venison the Lord hath sent us in plenty. Our homes are fitted up against the cold winter. Nothing shall we lack. We remember the days of the harvest dance in our much loved England. More meet is it for us to render thanks to God for his abounding mercies. Let us raise our voices in a hymn of thanksgiving.

[All join, except the Indians, in singing the One-Hundredth Psalm.]



Showt to Jehovah, al the earth;
 Serv ye Jehovah with gladnes;
 Before Him come with singing mirth;
 Know that Jehovah He God is.¹

¹ Music and words from *The Music of the Pilgrims* by Waldo Selden Pratt, with permission of Oliver Ditson Company.

BREWSTER: We would give thanks to God for our blessed dead to whom it was not granted to see this happy day. We would thank him for our blessed living, who nobly met the privations of the hour that they might share in the glories of the present. We would thank him for our children, who have borne cold and discomfort without rebellion, and who, we hope, may live to carry on the work of freedom here begun. We would thank him for Squanto, who seemed providentially prepared to teach us the secret of the soil in this strange land. We would thank him for Massasoit, whose standard of justice has been the ground for a firm and enduring friendship.

[*There is a stir among the company. SQUANTO is discovered, standing with hand outstretched, finger pointing toward the bay.*]

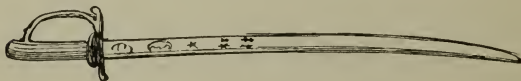
SQUANTO: See! A sail! A sail!

ALL: The ship from England! The ship from England!

BREWSTER (*with a voice trembling with emotion*): We would render thanks for the return across the deep of word from friends and the homeland. Let us pray.

[*Tableau as we take our last look at the Pilgrims.*]

[HERE ENDETH THE TENTH EPISODE AND THE
PYLGRYM CRONYCLES.]



The sword of Myles Standish

PASSENGERS ON THE MAYFLOWER

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Mr. John Carver
 Katherine Carver, his wife
 Desire Mintier, a protégée
 John Howland, an employee
 Roger Wilder, an employee
 William Latham, boy servant
 A maid servant
 Jasper More, bound lad</p> <p>Mr. William Brewster
 Mary Brewster, his wife
 Love, son, 7
 Wrestling, son, 3 or 4
 Richard More and his brother,
 bound children</p> <p>Mr. Edward Winslow
 Elizabeth Winslow, his wife
 George Sowle, servant
 Elias Story, servant
 Ellen More, bound girl</p> <p>Mr. William Bradford
 Dorothy Bradford, his wife</p> <p>Mr. Isaac Allerton
 Mary Allerton, his wife
 Bartholomew, son, 8
 Remember, daughter, 6
 Mary, daughter, 4
 John Hooke, servant</p> <p>Dr. Samuel Fuller
 William Batten, servant</p> <p>Captain Myles Standish
 Rose Standish, his wife</p> | <p>John Alden, a cooper</p> <p>Christopher Martin
 His wife
 Solomon Prower, servant
 John Langemore, servant</p> <p>Mr. William Mullens
 His wife
 Priscilla, about 18
 Joseph, son, 16
 Robert Carter, servant</p> <p>Mr. William White
 Susanna White, his wife
 Resolved, son, 5
 Peregrine, son, born on the
 <i>Mayflower</i> at Cape Cod
 William Holbeck, servant
 Edward Thomson, servant</p> <p>Mr. Richard Warren</p> <p>Mr. Stephen Hopkins
 Elizabeth Hopkins, his wife
 Giles, son, 15
 Constanta, daughter, 11
 Damaris, daughter, 3
 Oceanus, baby
 Edward Doty, servant
 Edward Lister, servant</p> <p>Edward Tilley
 Anne, his wife
 Henry Sampson, cousin, 6
 Humility Cooper, cousin,
 about 8</p> |
|---|--|

John Tilley
His wife
Elizabeth, daughter, 18

Francis Cooke
John, son

Thomas Rogers
Joseph, son

Thomas Tinker
His wife
A son

John Rigdale
Alice, his wife

Edward Fuller
His wife
Samuel, son, 5

John Turner
Two sons

Francis Eaton
Sarah, his wife
Samuel, baby

James Chilton
His wife
Mary, daughter, 17

John Crackstone
John, son

John Billington
Ellen, his wife
John, son
Francis, son

Young men
Moses Fletcher
John Goodman
Thomas Williams
Gilbert Winslow
Edmund Margeson
Peter Brown
Richard Britteridge
Richard Clarke
Richard Gardiner
John Allerton
Thomas English, hired as the
master of the shallop

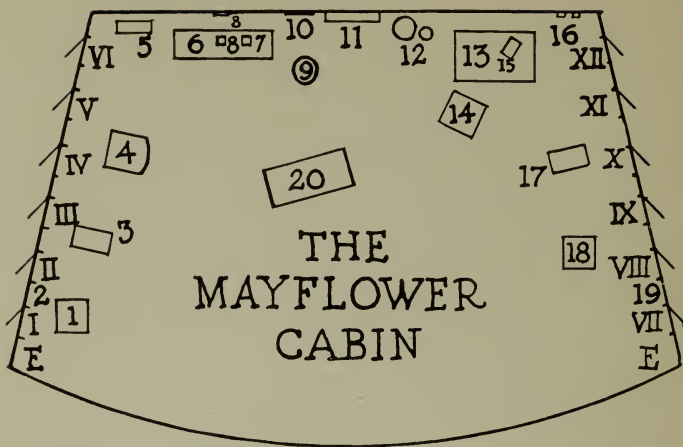
SUGGESTIONS FOR COSTUMES AND FURNITURE

- 1 = a man's costume (see page 17)
- 2 = a woman's costume (see page 33)
- 3 = a boy's costume (see page 49)
- 4 = a girl's costume (see page 27)
- 5 = a soldier's costume (see page 43)
- 6 = a servant's costume (see page 56)
- 7 = a Pilgrim chair (see page 33)
- 8 = a Pilgrim cradle (see page 27)
- 9 = Myles Standish's sword (see page 63)

SUGGESTIONS FOR STAGE PRODUCTION

Although this rendering of the first year of the Pilgrims possesses the freedom of a reading drama, it may easily be produced in the schoolroom or upon a larger stage. For schoolroom presentation, curtains of neutral color form the most acceptable background, being equally suitable for indoor or outdoor scenes. For auditorium presentation, either curtains or scenery may be used. Appropriate furniture can be made in manual training departments. The list of the property of the Pilgrims, as given in the diagram of the cabin of the *Mayflower*, is based almost entirely upon authenticated articles in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth.

A word concerning Myles Standish's sword may add interest. It was a Damascus blade with inscriptions on both sides in two ancient tongues. The Arabic inscription has been translated thus: "With peace God ruled His creatures, and with the judgment of His arm He troubled the mighty of the wicked." The sword was captured from the Persians at Jerusalem in 637 by the Saracens, and probably came to Captain Standish from the Crusaders.



ENTRANCES

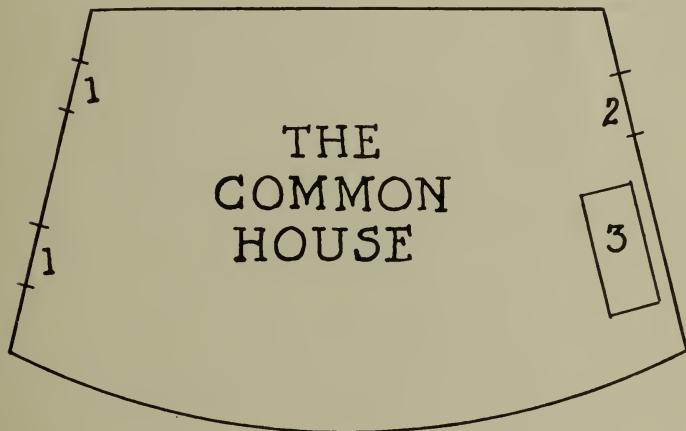
- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| E = without the cabin | VII = the Brewster cabin |
| I = the Carver cabin | VIII = the Winslow cabin |
| II = the White cabin | IX = the Standish cabin |
| III = the Bradford cabin | X = the Mullens cabin |
| IV = the Allerton cabin | XI = the Fuller cabin |
| V = the Hopkins cabin | XII = the Billington cabin |
| VI = the Martin cabin | |

STAGE SETTINGS

- 1 = Governor Carver's chair
- 2 = Carver's sword on the wall
- 3 = the White cradle
- 4 = a sand-hearth (metal receptacle filled with sand, upon which is placed charcoal for cooking)
- 5 = a spinning wheel
- 6 = the White cabinet
- 7 = a candlestick

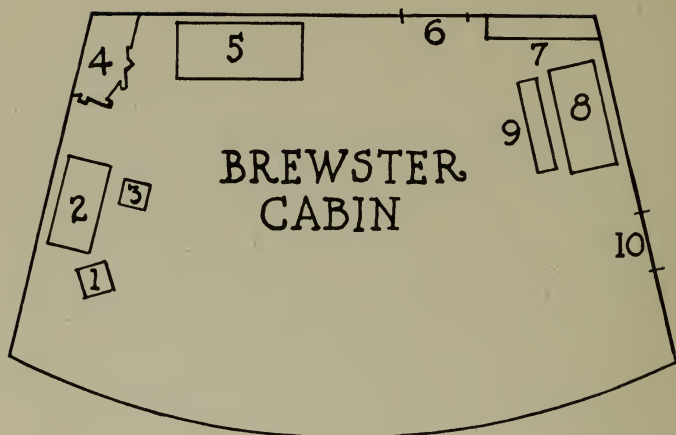
- 8 = inkhorn on the wall and quills on the table
- 9 = a snare drum
- 10 = Myles Standish's sword on the wall
- 11 = pewter plates and cups on shelves
- 12 = the Standish iron kettle and pewter platter on the floor
- 13 = the Winslow table
- 14 = Edward Winslow's chair
- 15 = Bradford's Geneva Bible on the table
- 16 = muskets against the wall
- 17 = the Fuller cradle
- 18 = Elder Brewster's chair
- 19 = Brewster's sword on the wall
- 20 = Myles Standish's chest

(A bugle, coats, and capes on the wall, chests and boxes, corselets and helmets, and rolls of blankets may be added, if desired.)



- 1 = window
- 2 = door

- 3 = fireplace (similar to that in the Brewster cabin)



1 = rough-hewn chair

2 = fireplace (a rectangle of logs filled with sand)

3 = the Brewster chair

4 = a pile of logs

5 = cot and blankets

6 = window

7 = shelf upon which are pewter cups and spoons, wooden plates and bowls, ink-horn, quills, and books

8 = rough-hewn table

9 = rough-hewn bench

10 = door

FOR THE STAGE

EPISODES I, II, and IV according to the diagram.

EPISODE III: The approach from the ship is on the left. The scene of the washing is off-stage to the right.

EPISODE V: Plymouth Rock is assumed to be off-stage to the left. Sounds of the boat nearing the rock may be heard before the characters appear. The characters reach the stage by jumping or stepping from the rock. The conversation concerning the land is naturally to the right, while that concerning the harbor is to the left.

EPISODE VI: The Brewster home—a log cabin. The fireplace on the left; a pile of logs at the rear; one window in the rear at right; the door at the right front; a table at right rear; the Brewster chair before the fireplace, and another of rough-hewn logs at left front; before the table, a rough bench; inkhorn, quills, and books, pewter cups and spoons, and wooden plates and bowls on shelf overhead; a cot with blankets at the rear left corner.

EPISODE VII: The Common House—a log cabin of larger proportions than the other houses. The fireplace at the right front; the door at the right rear; two windows (casement with oiled paper), opening on the left. Within are many of the articles from the *Mayflower*.

EPISODE VIII: The front of the Common House is on the right. The exit on the left leads to the sea. The letters should be folded and sealed, no envelopes being used.

EPISODE IX: Directions are found in the text.

EPISODE X: Directions are found in the text.

Date Due

[illegible]

9.3.16

Rogers, Fra
Pilgrimage

DATE

Aug 6

EE 18 '59

9.3.16 Rogers

BORROWERS RULES

BOSTON & VICINITY

TWO WEEKS

GREATER DISTANCES, BY MAIL

THREE WEEKS

• RENEWAL PRIVILEGE

TWO WEEKS

